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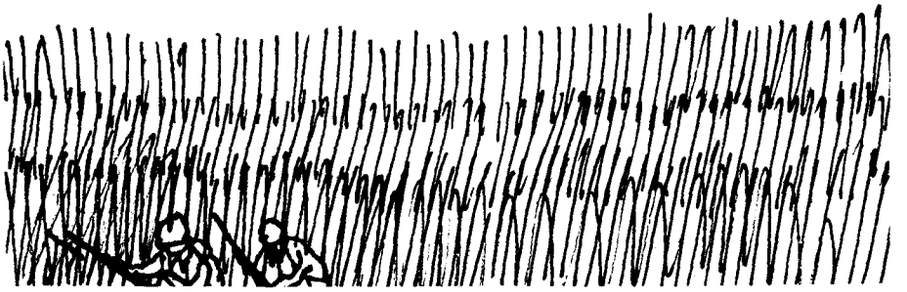

'STOP THE KILLING'

An Open Letter From Vietnam

NKRUMAH—CHARISMA FAILS

Paul E. Sigmund

CONSCIENCE AND ORTHODOXY

Daniel Callahan

A SHORTAGE OF LIBERALS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

"There is no mystical symbolism about the cross. It just happened to be the Roman instrument of execution. Perhaps a liturgical reform in our situation that is not just an activity of aesthetic titillation, but is worship grounded in the Gospel, might make a timely substitution here. It would be an interesting experience, to say the least, to have one of our suburban congregations troop into the sanctuary one Sunday morning and find on the altar, between the flowers and the flag, a gilded miniature of the electric chair. For those with 'high church' inclinations, we would suggest that the figure in the electric chair be a Negro. The pastor responsible for this little liturgical innovation might have some difficulty completing his building fund campaign, but on that morning he would have an excellent opportunity to preach the Gospel."

Peter L. Berger
in *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies*

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That wild and woolly Catholic Press: "In recent years there has been a flurry of irresponsible acts committed by publications which are undoubtedly giving bishops second thoughts about editorial freedom. Wholly unwarranted were the attacks on the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, since they could serve no useful purpose, even if true. What good is accomplished by playing the same birth-control or celibacy record over and over again? Nothing new is established; no real influence is exerted on anyone who counts: the laity are confused, and frustrated priests are given a sounding board. There were some Catholic publications which defended the extremely controversial Hochhuth play on Pius XII without giving both sides of the case or allowing their readers to make their own judgments. Some papers made freedom at the Catholic University a burning issue without giving University officials a chance to present their side." (Father Albert Nevins, M.M., The Catholic Press in the United States," in *The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism.*)

Ever anxious to present both sides, Father Nevins found space for nine references to *Our Sunday Visitor*, the Denver *Register*, the *Wanderer* and the Brooklyn *Tablet*, but alas, could not cram in any mention of the *National Catholic Reporter*, the *Critic*, *Continuum*, *Worship*, *Jubilee*, *Thought*, *U.S. Catholic*, or (shudder) *Commonweal*. Just once before we die, we hope to see a Catholic-press article that doesn't sound like it was written by Otto von Hapsburg after a weekend visit to the Brooklyn *Tablet* during the Spanish Civil War.

•

The new Communist Party line on religion: "We oppose all attempts to create division and antagonism among the people along religious lines. . . . Marxists disagree philosophically with the supernatural, mystical elements of religion; nevertheless we recognize many positive, humanist values in ethical and moral precepts of the several religions. We salute the increasing attempts of social-minded religious individuals and groups to apply the positive precepts of their faiths to the struggle for a better life on earth. A salutary development of our time has been the growing involvement of clergymen of all faiths, frequently on the front lines, in the battles for civil rights, peace, civil liberties and economic welfare. . . . Full freedom of conscience and worship will be guaranteed in a socialist United States."

—from *New Programs of the Communist Party (USA), a draft*, February, 1966.

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For two years, most of the money and personal energy of the Archdiocese of Rio de Janeiro has been committed to the building of an impressive new cathedral in the center city. There are already twenty churches in the center city, where hardly anyone lives and hardly anyone goes to Mass. (Only three percent of Rio's five million Catholics are Sunday Mass-goers.) On the other hand the residential areas and slums get virtually no attention at all, either ecclesiastical or social. The new cathedral, which is being built by and for the rich, will have a burial crypt that only the wealthy can afford. Two auxiliary bishops, the majority of the clergy and, apparently, most laymen are disgusted by the cathedral plan. Many critical articles by clergy and laity have been written, but none has found a publisher.

•

The great society marches on: the mail order catalogue of a New York merchandiser offers an electric hair brush, a battery-operated pepper mill, a lemon-twist knife, goose-quill toothpicks, an instant glass-froster, an egg scissors (for cutting the tops off hard-boiled eggs), an electric sweater drier and an electric "sleep sound" which lulls you to sleep scientifically with a blend of appropriate rhythmic tones designed to counteract the nighttime clamor from cars, airplanes, pepper mills and noisy hair brushes.

•

Why the occasional Negro in television ads isn't *entirely* an expression of healthy social beliefs: The Center in Marketing has reminded readers of *Advertising Age* that one third of all American Negroes live in the twenty largest cities, while only 13 percent of American whites live there. It also suggests that the Negro population may be increasing at twice the rate of the white population. At the marketing level alone this means drastic changes. New York's Rheingold beer, for example, has completely submerged its famous Miss Rheingold contest, since it discovered that most of its product is consumed by Negroes and Puerto Ricans who have little interest in choosing a beer queen from among five or six interchangeable, overscrubbed white girls.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Questions

Irvington, N.Y.

To the Editors: Father Leary's letter (March 11) prompts several questions:

1) Has any of the presidents of Harvard, Yale, Brown, Columbia, etc. ever compared "his" university to a business such as Ford, or the New York *Times*?

2) What, precisely, does the Order which administers a school "own"? Buildings? Books? Students? Truth?

3) Does Father Leary appreciate the difference between authority and leadership?

4) What do Father Leary's attitudes toward these questions suggest about the merits of Mr. Kelley's and Mr. Leo's and Mr. O'Gara's positions?

C. R. ATTANASIO

Fr. Du Bay Replies

Santa Monica, Calif.

To the Editors: In the short time that has passed since the proposal for the priests' union attracted public attention, I have been surprised by the amount of immediate support it received. Response from other priests has been 80% favorable, while over half of the lay response supports the idea. I had been prepared for far more opposition, and I expected more opposition on a deeper and theological level. While *Commonweal* and *The National Catholic Reporter* cannot quite pass as theological journals, I hope that it is not too much to expect that the discussion take place on the level of some theological, as well as sociological, competence.

The criticism consistently follows these four lines: 1. a union would support the idea of the hierarchy as management; 2. it would create a new and divisive power block within the church; 3. it would give the impression that priests are little more than employees; and 4. reforms dealing with the priests' situation must only come from above.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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FREE ELECTIONS?

It is not even a year since the U.S. sent marines into the Dominican Republic, shocking the world and reducing to tatters the already worn garb of the *Alianza*. Americans, however, have pretty much forgotten about the whole event. Whatever doubts may have been entertained about the original venture, it is now complacently assumed that, Washington having said so, the Dominican people will be able to freely elect a government this spring and live happily ever after.

There are, nonetheless, a few doubters. One of them is Juan Bosch. "No one can say really if there are going to be elections June 1," says Bosch, "because no one can guarantee that the citizens can go cast their votes without fear of terror." Another doubter is Antonio Rosario, leader of the Christian Social Revolutionary Party, the Dominican Republic's Christian Democrats. A few weeks ago, Rosario reported, "Only last evening I was hauled from my car and searched by air force men in the middle of town. How can we have elections under such conditions?"

The fears of Bosch and Rosario are well grounded. Their country has been existing in a state of terror. Bosch and Rosario themselves must live constantly surrounded by armed supporters. (Two of Bosch's bodyguards have been killed by right-wing terrorists.) According to a report of the Vatican Radio "militarists and the profiteers of the status quo" have even put a price of $10,000 on the head of the Apostolic Delegate, who is accused of being a Communist dupe!

It is not merely a question of sporadic terror which, however dangerous and cruel, could simply be endured until the proposed June 1 election. The problem is that most of the terror emanates from the militarist and rightist forces which are still very much in power. That these forces have no intention of yielding their power gracefully has been amply demonstrated. Last January 6, in an effort to defuse the growing violence, provi-

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sional Dominican President Garcia Godoy assigned 34 military leaders to diplomatic posts abroad. These included the chiefs of both the constitutionalist rebels and the *trujillista* armed forces. The response of the armed forces was an immediate attempt at a coup—which the OAS force, led by a Brazilian general sympathetic to the Dominican military, only reluctantly put down. Then came weeks of shilly-shallying. The constitutionalist leaders had left for their posts by the end of January, but the rightists remained. In protest, Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party called a general strike in mid-February, which was ended when Garcia Godoy promised to finally enforce his January 6 order. One of the right-wing military leaders, Armed Forces Minister Caminero Rivera, did leave the country at last. But Garcia Godoy promptly named two of the remaining officers to the cabinet, which not only was encouraging to the terrorists of the right but also exposed Bosch to Communist accusations of ineffective leadership.

To get the whole picture, one other fact must be added to the continuing power of the military: 70 percent of the Dominican populace are peasants, living in isolated rural areas where the country's 25,000 members of the police and military can easily intimidate them. No reporters are around to focus publicity on these peasants' plight. No OAS commission is on the scene to safeguard their rights.

But what about the U.S. government? Did not President Johnson promise that this country would do everything in its power to assure the Dominican Republic a democratically chosen government? The fact is that the U.S. government is badly split. There is no question that some individuals in the Administration are dedicated to this end. The man as responsible as any for the disastrous intervention, W. Tapley Bennett, has been removed as ambassador. But there are adverse signs as well.

There is still time, but there is little interest. The U.S. is not bothered by problems of worldwide protest, of men, money or international agreements, when it comes to stopping what is imagined to be the threat of Communism. How much can it do for free elections?

MIXED MARRIAGE LAWS

The main objections against the old Church laws on mixed marriages generally came down to two accusations: they coerced the conscience of the non-Catholic partner and they promoted hypocrisy. These accusations had considerable validity. The non-Catholic was given no option whatsoever but to acquiesce to the Church's law. Practically speaking, however, many couples privately agreed they would not abide by the promises but would, for the sake of appearances and family sensibilities, go through the prescribed procedure.

Now Pope Paul has issued a new set of laws and the first question to be asked is whether they take account of these problems. On the face of it, the answer seems to be no. While local Ordinaries are now given the power to decide whether the usual promises may be made orally rather than in writing, the principle that promises must be made is upheld. The conscience of the non-Catholic remains, then, irrelevant so far as the law is concerned. At best, he may be allowed to save face to some small degree, but hardly more than that. The present inducements to hypocrisy, consequently, remain in full force.

If that is the judgment we feel forced to make on the "change" in the regulations about promises, however, more must be said. For one thing, the Church has been wise in requiring that some basic decisions need to be made before marriage. Both the old and the new law compel couples to think seriously about the implications of their religious differences before they are irrevocably committed to each other. It is all too tempting to leave the issue hanging in the air. For another, it seems inevitable that someone's conscience is going to be offended in some way in a mixed marriage. If both partners have serious commitments to divergent beliefs, then one or the other will have to give way, at least on some points. The Church is realistic in recognizing this. But the Church's law also smacks of religious imperialism since it says, in effect, that it is the non-Catholic conscience which must always accommodate itself.

On other issues, the new laws provide varying degrees of relief. The old law which made excommunication automatic for a Catholic marrying before a non-Catholic minister has now been amended. Since this change is retroactive, it could provide relief for many Catholics who have for years lived under a cloud. Similarly, the permission for a non-Catholic minister to speak briefly after a Catholic wedding or to say some prayers jointly with the Catholic priest, offers some small consolation to the non-Catholic. It also recognizes the ecumenical dimension of the marriage; surely such a dimension is present, however little a couple may think in those terms. Finally, the empowerment of bishops to authorize nuptial blessings and sermons at mixed marriages is a further step toward according these marriages full dignity. It is simply incredible that the Church for so long failed to realize that mixed marriages need every blessing and grace the Church can offer.

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As useful as many of these changes are, no one should be misled into thinking that the problems have been solved. Somehow, the non-Catholic conscience must be given its due. Somehow, pastoral means must be found to develop to the full the ecumenical implications of mixed marriages. Somehow, the Church has to find the courage to renounce unilateral demands for the souls of children yet unborn. We have no good answer to these needs, but it is no less clear that at the present time, neither does the teaching authority of the Church.

THE SUBVERSIVES LIST

It is unpleasant at best to think that in America the presence of an organization or a certain list can subject its members to physical assault and its headquarters to arson. The list, of course, is the Attorney-General's List of Subversive Organizations, and the group most recently cited by it is the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, whose Brooklyn members within 48 hours of Attorney-General Katzenbach's announcement were attacked by a mob, and whose San Francisco headquarters, also within the same week, was suddenly destroyed by a mysterious fire.

Given the ideological content of the cold-war, it is hardly surprising that internal security should become a major issue in the U.S. Questions of loyalty and patriotism have been inflated into overwhelming worries off and on throughout U.S. history. But if it is an issue easily subject to abuse, this does not mean it is necessarily false. Nor does it imply a failure of democratic processes. It is the government's duty, as well as everybody else's, to see that it does not happen by guaranteeing the right to dissent and in other ways by being sensitive to the difficulties of rational debate in a politically charged atmosphere.

The Attorney-General's List has enough inherent dangers in its use to be sensitive about. The procedure is such that the burden of proof falls on the accused. As a result, unless the decision is successfully appealed in the courts, a long, difficult and expensive process, members of a listed organization are at the mercy of the most insidious harassments, including loss of jobs, less than honorable service discharges, FBI snooping intended to intimidate rather than to gain any useful information. An ironic instance of the kind of aroused know-nothingism the list inspires were the abusive telephone calls and threats of violence received by The Boys Club of America when its name was confused with that of the DuBois Clubs.

Theoretically not a criminal action, but a legal disclosure by the government of a group's Communist motives and direction, the Attorney-General's List is nonetheless a powerful instrument of political coercion. That it operates for all practical purposes by administrative fiat makes it even more noxious to the democratic process. A more appropriate method of exposure would be simply for a politician or other interested parties to make the charge of Communist influence in a public forum where it could be publicly controverted. But if this seems over-indulgent for the times, the least to be asked for is that the Attorney-General justify his action in court prior to listing an organization.

Attorney-General Katzenbach is not responsible for the existing laws that give him such arbitrary powers, but he and his superior, President Johnson, are responsible for how those powers are used. The action against the DuBois Clubs, we think, was singularly unfortunate at this time, when debate over the Vietnam war needs to be as free as possible.

The Johnson Administration has not been happy over the criticisms of its Vietnam policy, but nobody expects that it should be. President Truman's remark about getting out of the kitchen if you can't stand the heat is apropos. Why list the Clubs now? It is hard to see how potential critics of Vietnam will not pause now before speaking openly; or how it will not encourage the always latent paranoia about Communism in the U.S. Indeed, it is hard not to regard the Administration's action as a questionable response to the Vietnam criticism.

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OUT OF ACTION

It is now almost four months since the Viet Cong's "Christmas gift" of the release of two captive American soldiers, Sgt. George E. Smith and Sp/5 Claude McClure. Just before their release, each had made anti-war

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comments at a news conference in Cambodia—Smith said the Vietnam war is of no interest to the U.S., McClure claimed that the Viet Cong represent the people of South Vietnam. Since then, neither has made any public statement at all. Both are still being held, apparently under tight security, by the U.S. forces in Okinawa. The long silence, broken only by puzzling Army replies to newsmen, has raised interesting questions of procedure and civil liberties.

First, both men are on full-duty status, even though their enlistments expired while they were prisoners of the Viet Cong. The Army says both will remain on duty until the charges against them are cleared up. But the charges have never been made publicly, nor has there been any explanation why the Army's "preliminary investigation" should take four months. The Army denies that the men are being held incommunicado, but newsmen have not been able to interview them. The Army says this is at the soldiers' own request, made through legally qualified military counsel.

Are the men being held in Okinawa merely to penalize them for their views and to prevent them from making a case against the war to the American people? Perhaps not. But neither the Army nor the Johnson Administration has been willing to offer an equally plausible explanation for the delay in dealing with the men or for the shroud of secrecy that surrounds them. The Administration's record for credibility is not so good that it can afford to ignore the suspicions raised by this case.

OPEN SPACE

The New York *Times* recently published an account of the destruction of the countryside in Staten Island, New York City's "fifth borough," and until recently, a predominately rural area. Tawdry urban sprawl moves quickly and quietly. Its damage is usually irreversible. According to the Federal Government's new report on open-space land in urban areas, California alone is chewing up 375 acres a day, or 140,000 acres a year of untouched agricultural land. Nationwide, a million acres a year are lost to development for residential or commercial purposes.

Obviously, the urbanization process demands the physical expansion of current metropolitan areas. But steps must be taken soon to save the open-space areas still within easy reach of the city dweller. The government's report points out that the Northeast, with one quarter of the nation's population, has only 4 percent of U.S. recreation acreage. With so many of our states in deep financial difficulties, it will probably take federal action to prevent the major urban complexes from putting their remaining greenery under the bulldozer.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A SHORTAGE OF LIBERALS

The career service of the State Department continues to grind relentlessly toward total control of the making of foreign policy and its daily execution. The departure of McGeorge Bundy from the White House, the Schwartz affair, and the choice of a successor for G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams as Assistant Secretary for Africa are separate events, but each points in the same direction.

Easily the most important is the departure of Bundy and the failure of President Johnson to replace him on the White House staff. Since Bundy is an Establishment man in his background and style, his distinctive influence was not clearly discernible to outsiders. Unlike Secretary of State Dean Rusk, however, Bundy has a keen political sense. He has been sensitive, for example, during the past year to the criticism of Vietnam policy blowing up in the academic community. Sharp in argument, he enjoys the clash of opinions and welcomes dissent as much as any high policymaker ever does. When he organized President Kennedy's foreign affairs staff, he selected Marcus Raskin, now a leading figure in the peace faction, to be a house critic and provide built-in opposition to Administration thinking. Very few of Raskin's suggestions ever got adopted, but his opinions were heard. Bundy, operating above and apart from the various bureaucracies—State, the Pentagon, the Intelligence agencies—tried his best to be the man who asked the hard questions and who clarified the implications of alternative policies. His departure leaves President Johnson without a close adviser on foreign affairs to check or challenge Secretary Rusk.

As the Schwartz affair has just demonstrated, Rusk's political sensitivities are not the most acute. Abba

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Schwartz was a well-known Washington lawyer and liberal figure before he joined the Kennedy Administration. He is a member of Americans for Democratic Action, a fund-raiser for liberal causes, and was a personal friend of Mrs. Roosevelt. He also happened to be friendly with the late Representative "Tad" Walter, the co-author of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act of 1952. Walter had been a New Dealer in the 1930s before he became obsessed with fears of Communists and foreigners; Schwartz was one of the liberal friends he retained from his earlier period. It was this connection that helped recommend him to President Kennedy who was looking for someone who would liberalize immigration and travel policies and yet not stir too much antagonism on Capitol Hill. Schwartz did a skillful job in meeting those two difficult requirements. As Director of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs (equivalent to an Assistant Secretary of State), he helped many foreign visitors obtain visas to visit this country who would otherwise have been debarred because of political episodes in their past. Schwartz was also active behind the scenes on refugee problems and on last year's liberalization of the McCarran-Walter Act.

Secretary Rusk has no lively personal interest in these issues. He regarded Schwartz's personality as somewhat abrasive and his activist approach as tiresome and intrusive. With Kennedy and Walter both dead, Schwartz's influence at the White House and on Capitol Hill was gone. He was vulnerable to attack from below and shorn of protection from above. Mrs. Frances Knight, head of the Passport Office, was his nominal subordinate, but she had always resisted his policy of giving passports to Americans who had or were suspected of having Communist connections. She had support for her position from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee headed by Senator James Eastland of Mississippi and from the Joint Committee on Immigration and Nationality Policy headed by Representative Michael A. Feighan of Ohio.

During the past several months, William J. Crockett, the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, developed a plan to abolish Schwartz's job and bring the operations of the bureau under his own direct control. To what extent Crockett was—as he insists—merely making an economy move or was responding to pressure from Eastland and Feighan is in dispute and will be the subject of a congressional inquiry. Schwartz feels himself the victim of a bureaucratic intrigue and blames Crockett, Mrs. Knight, and White House Assistant Marvin Watson for conspiring against him.

Schwartz's forced resignation aroused anger in the liberal community. President Johnson appears to have been astonished by the uproar. When it was too late, he intervened unsuccessfully in an effort to persuade Schwartz to take a face-saving job as Rusk's special assistant on refugee affairs.

A Secretary of State who was alert to the probable repercussions of ousting Schwartz would not have tolerated a plan to reorganize him out of his job or, at the very least, would have forewarned the President of what might develop. Rusk, who is bored by day-to-day administration and imperturbably stoical about political controversy, ignored the whole business and allowed Crockett and the bureaucrats to have their own way.

It is doubtful that Bundy would have flagged this problem before it became public even if he were still at the White House since he concentrated on policy matters, and this took the form of a personnel problem. But the episode does demonstrate the kind of difficulty Mr. Johnson can increasingly expect to encounter because he has no liberals in his entourage. Some of his young men such as Bill Moyers and Douglass Cater are progressive in their outlook, but they are not well-connected liberals as were Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, and other Kennedy advisers.

As for the Foreign Service, it gained another triumph in the choice of Joseph Palmer II as successor to Soapy Williams. Palmer is an able man who has spent more than 20 years in the government, most recently as Director of the Foreign Service. He knows Africa well, but he is not the kind of man who is going to bother his boss, Secretary Rusk, with policy initiatives or unwelcome arguments in behalf of African viewpoints. Africa is near the bottom on Rusk's list of priorities, a bit ahead of Antarctica but well behind Europe, Vietnam, and Latin America. With a loyal Foreign Service officer like Palmer to handle routine problems, Rusk can safely ignore Africa. The activists in the African field had been hoping that the choice would be J. Wayne Fredericks, who had been Williams' deputy and shared his idealism, or William Attwood, formerly Ambassador to Guinea and now Ambassador to Kenya who was once Foreign Editor of *Look* and a speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson.

The Foreign Service maintains a level of competence and in the case of its better men, such as Palmer, that level is fairly high. But it is questionable whether its members ought to monopolize virtually all policy-making positions in the Department, particularly when the Secretary is so passive and so uncreative a policy-maker as Dean Rusk. WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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'STOP THE KILLING'

An open letter from eleven Vietnamese priests

Confronted by the present situation in our country, and following upon the increasingly urgent appeals of Pope Paul VI, we Catholic priests, motivated by neither political nor religious partisanship, desire to express the profound anguish of men who refuse to betray their fellow-men, of Vietnamese who share the sufferings of their compatriots as well as the anguish of servants of Jesus Christ, Who died to bring to all men love and salvation.

The blood of men has already flowed too abundantly over this Vietnamese land; this fratricidal war is in a paroxysm of its cruelty.

In their march toward victory by force of arms, both the North and South are progressively giving up more and more of our country's autonomy, thereby leading the Vietnamese problem into more and more of an impasse, where its solution is no longer the free decision of the Vietnamese people.

The disorder created by the war, the presence of foreign soldiers, forces upon the masses of people economic, social and moral conditions which are an affront to human dignity.

With all men of goodwill, we wish to be mindful of man's sacred destiny, his dignity, his right to freedom, and the fraternity of each and every one of these men, our brothers, who in the North as in the South are today victims of the ravages of bombardment, the oppression of ideologies, misery, suffering, the degrading corruption of money, divided and torn by prejudice, self-interest and politics.

In the name of these men, we wish to proclaim from the housetops the aspirations of all those who suffer so much and who hardly have a voice anymore: we seek peace through the freedom of the human person and the justice of society, for the well-being of all.

We cannot tolerate this absurd drama of brothers of the same country, sharing the same sincere love for their country and their people, the same determination to dedicate themselves to a great cause, the same thirst for peace, attacking and killing each other in hatred.

We cannot accept the fact that the objective of unifying the country, or of building some better future, can serve as a pretext for continuing this fratricidal war.

That is why we urgently implore the authorities of the North and South to take all appropriate steps to bring the war to an end immediately.

Let them not wait for some sort of guarantee before deciding in all sincerity to respect the life and liberty of the Vietnamese of the North and South and the brotherhood that binds them together.

Let these authorities renounce the claim that they seek through armed victory a guarantee for negotiations and the ending of hostilities—let them also renounce their ambitions of implanting or suppressing ideologies through subversion and bombardment, for that can only lead to genocide and prolong the tragedy of underdevelopment and the country's alienation.

May the authorities on both sides undertake negotiations in justice and honesty to arrive at peace, for only

This appeal to end the war in Vietnam is translated from the French. It appeared in the February 2, 1966 issue of Informations Catholiques Internationales.

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genuine peace will enable them both to devote themselves to the creation of the material and moral conditions necessary for the Vietnamese people's free and democratic choice of their future.

May the great powers respect the autonomy and self-determination of the people and not contribute to making the war in Vietnam more and more murderous, creating in this way such an impasse that the only outcome can be a world war.

Since effectively the North and the South, as well as the great powers that support them, have demonstrated that they cannot by themselves bring the war to an end through the illusory attempt to obtain victory for one side and capitulation by the other, virtually the only way that leads to the cessation of hostilities, to negotiations and to peace (which would at least stop the shedding of more blood) is to acknowledge both the mediation and arbitration of the United Nations, to have recourse to, and to collaborate sincerely with, that organization.

With all our hearts we invite men of good will of both the North and the South to surmount every form of oppression, and to express openly and bravely the will of the Vietnamese people for peace. By such action the responsible authorities can no longer pretend to ignore that will or to enjoy clear consciences, not until they have engaged in negotiations toward peace and utilized every means of negotiation, not until they have seized every occasion for doing so.

But peace can come and be maintained only insofar as the Vietnamese masses become aware of the peril that threatens both man and country, and the well-being of the community and the survival of the people are set above the interests of individuals and groups.

The survival of the country, the interests of the people and of peace itself, have nothing to fear from the diversities of ideologies and of beliefs. On the contrary, truly to be feared are those who, in the name of one side or the other, go so far as to no longer respect free choice and its exercise on the part of their fellow-citizens. Also to be feared are those who in actuality have no other ideology or religion than themselves, their money, their passions, and their own interests.

The moment has come to mobilize all that remains of the faith and spiritual energy of the people—not to intensify hatred but to extinguish so many discords, so much jealousy, to restore the bonds of unity which, from this moment, before it is too late, will permit the imparting from all hearts, all families, all groups to the structures of society: truth, justice, liberty and love as solid foundations for authentic peace and happiness. In this experience, little by little, man will no longer need to oppose his brother for the right to subsist and to think, etc. . . . but all in common will put forth their efforts to exploit the resources of nature, sharing equitably the conditions and means of material and spiritual progress necessary for personal and community achievement.

Up to this point, we have been echoing in the name of man the voices of those who are about to have voices no longer. In concluding, it is also in the name of man that we speak out for those who have decided not to be subjugated in misery, for those who do not accept defeatism, for those who demand victory but not victory through arms and through exploitation and hatred, a victory in which men continue to suppress men and men continue to be held inferior to other men. We demand a victory of truth, justice, liberty and love, the unique victory which can bring peace for the true honor of man.

DO XUAN QUE — HO DINH
NGUYEN NOC LAN — NGUYEN THANK CAO
TRAN VIET THO — TRUONG BA CAN
TRUONG DINH HOA — HOANG KIM
VU VAN THIEN — DINH KHAC TIEU
HUYEN THE MY

"Scripture warns that 'where there is not vision the people perish.' The failure of vision in our time is a blindness to realities no less than to ideals. The threat of this moment is a preoccupation with the enemy that destroys our society's power to understand itself or its foes. In such a time the greatest service to the society comes from those voices—in church, politics and press—that risk the displeasure of the powers that be in order to challenge dogmas that imperil ourselves and our world. . . ."

—Editorial Board
Christianity and Crisis

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NKRUMAH—CHARISMA FAILS

PAUL E. SIGMUND

The recent overthrow of Kwame Nkrumah in Ghana seemed to be merely one more in the series of military coups which have taken power in many African states. However, the case of Ghana and Nkrumah is somewhat different both because Ghana was the first of the newly independent states of Africa and because Kwame Nkrumah was the example par excellence of the African nation-builder who relied upon the much-vaunted quality of charisma to attain and maintain control of his country.

When Ghana was granted independence in 1957, *Life* magazine carried a cover photograph of the Ghanaian parliament in session. With only a difference of color, it seemed to be a reproduction of Westminster, with government benches facing those of the opposition and a bewigged Speaker presiding over parliamentary decorum. Two years earlier, the first of many American books on emerging Africa, *The Gold Coast in Transition* by David Apter, had propounded the thesis that Ghana (then the Gold Coast) could make the institutional transfer from a traditional to a rational-legal order by means of a charismatic figure, Kwame Nkrumah, whose quasi-magical appeal to his citizens would be used to modernize the economy, the politics, and the social attitudes of Ghana.

After independence, however, there seemed little evidence that Nkrumah was likely to establish a rational-legal order through charisma or any other means. Styling himself "Osagyefo" (the Redeemer), he had a larger-than-life statue of himself erected in front of the Parliament. Nkrumah's picture was placed on all coins and stamps. Kwame Nkrumah Avenue and Kwame Nkrumah Circle were constructed (the latter illuminated by a large neon sign which flashed "Kwame Nkrumah Circle" in the national colors). Over the protests of religious leaders, school children were requested to recite a pledge of allegiance which included the assertion, "Nkrumah never dies." Pictures not unlike Catholic holy cards portrayed him in conversation with Christ, and his mother at one point was described as "the blessed mother."

Most disturbing to those who had hoped to see Ghana emerge as a model of western-style democracy in Africa was the repression of the political opposition in and out of parliament. Appealing to the need to express "The African Personality" Nkrumah changed the shape of the parliament to a semi-circle (thus de-emphasizing the role of the Opposition), dressed the Speaker in tribal robes, and wrote a new constitution which concentrated power in his hands as president.

He also used a Preventive Detention Act to harass (although not yet to eliminate) the opposition United Party leadership. Leaders of the U.P. were picked up and detained without trial for varying periods. Finally, J. B. Danquah, who had originally invited Nkrumah to come from London as political organizer for his political party in 1947, was himself put in prison (where he later died) and Ghana was declared a one-party state.

The muzzling of the press began in 1960 when a law was passed forbidding the publication of "seditious" material. It was aimed at the *Ashanti Pioneer,* published in Kumasi, center of the old Ashanti kingdom, and stronghold of anti-Nkrumah sentiment. (Dr. Danquah ran well ahead of Nkrumah there in the last comparatively free elections in early 1960.)

Nkrumah's action against the *Pioneer* was justified by its defenders as a necessary measure to prevent the revival of Ashanti tribalism which had threatened to split the Gold Coast before independence. The deep divisions which were revealed in the 1960 disturbances in the Congo seemed to lend credence to the argument that strong measures were needed to establish national unity. In his autobiography, modestly titled *Ghana, an Autobiography,* Nkrumah had alluded to the necessity of "emergency measures of a totalitarian kind" during the period following independence. Now, however, arguments were being used by Nkrumah and many other African leaders including Julius Nyerere soon to be president of Tanganyika, Sekou Touré, the President of Guinea, and Madeira Keita, a cabinet minister in Mali, that the one-party state in addition to

PAUL E. SIGMUND *is an associate professor in the Department of Politics at Princeton University. His most recent* COMMONWEAL *article was* The New Tshombe.

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facilitating unified economic development was more democratic than western pluralism because it did not introduce artificial or class divisions into a unified and classless African society.

Yet there were class and other divisions in Ghana. The intellectuals and students, many of them imbued with British standards of fair play and respect for political institutions were horrified when Nkrumah suppressed the opposition and removed members of the judiciary who disagreed with him. The African middle class professionals had long been alienated by Nkrumah's successful attempt to bypass those they considered to be the natural leaders of Ghana, and to base his power on an appeal to the half-educated "veranda boys." The University of Ghana became a stronghold of anti-Nkrumah feeling and the National Union of Ghanaian Students publicly expressed its opposition until 1964 when Nkrumah imprisoned the NUGS leadership and attempted to set up his own Ghana Student Organization (GHANASO) in its place. Business groups were alienated by Nkrumah's references to the necessity of "scientific socialism" and his preference for economic assistance from the East. (It should be noted however that Nkrumah did not nationalize existing business, and that the largest aid project in Ghana is the Volta River Dam built by an American firm, and guaranteed by the United States Agency for International Development.)

For some years Nkrumah appeared to oscillate between the moderates and the Marxists among his advisers, to the point that one observer noted that his next work should be entitled *Nkrumaism, the Highest Stage of Opportunism*. He was hoping to take the leadership in the Pan-African movement and he wrote a series of books which he hoped would influence other Africans to follow him: *I Speak of Freedom* in 1961, *Africa Must Unite* in 1963, *Consciencism* (an attempt to derive a formula for anti-colonialism from Einstein's theory of relativity) in 1964, and *Neo-Colonialism, the Last Stage of Imperialism* in 1965.

As the title of the last book indicates, Nkrumah has taken a more consistently radical and anti-Western position in recent years. The Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute at Winneba was established as a center of indoctrination in the principles of "Nkrumaism," and acted as an organized pressure group within the Convention People's Party moving it to the left. Radical exiles from other African states were sheltered and reportedly given military training. Nkrumah spent much of the country's financial reserves on large buildings for international meetings and party functionaries. And last fall when Ghana's food stocks were low and he was requesting United States assistance through the Food for Peace Program, he chose to attack the Peace Corps and other United States assistance programs as instruments of imperialism and neo-colonialism. More recently he agreed to hold the Soviet-sponsored World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship in Accra in September, a mass meeting which even with Soviet assistance would have severely taxed the already-strained Ghanaian economy.

Economic Crisis

Not all of the troubles of the Ghanaian economy can be ascribed to Nkrumah's policies. The world price of cocoa, Ghana's principal export, has fallen to new lows in recent years and what was once a source of a considerable surplus for Ghana no longer brings it as much on the world market. Nkrumah has called repeatedly for austerity and fired several of his ministers for corruption (the wife of one of them will be remembered for her purchase of a gold-plated bed in London a few years ago). As we now know, he was not himself immune to certain types of corruption which in the opinion of his financial adviser netted him a fortune of $7,000,000.

It seems to have been Nkrumah's economic policies in particular which led to his overthrow, although his announcement that he planned to create a People's Militia to rival the army clearly had much to do with it as well. And ironically his determination to Africanize his army by removing its British commander made it possible for the military to take matters in their own hands. Finally, the example of the military takeovers in the Congo, the Central African Republic, Dahomey, Upper Volta, and Nigeria encouraged the military plotters.

The favorable popular reaction to the coup on February 24 indicated that Nkrumah's original charisma which had permitted him to establish his official personality cult in Ghana has long since worn out. The hero of British imprisonment in the early 1950s had become a hated dictator by 1966, and the numbers released from prison testified to the extent to which the Preventive Detention Act had been used to suppress actual or potential opponents.

Yet if his image is tarnished at home, Nkrumah still has support abroad among the more radical states of Africa. When the Organization of African Unity seated the representatives of the military National Liberation Council, the representatives of Guinea, Mali, The United Arab Republic, Tanzania, and Kenya walked out in protest. For Kenya and perhaps Tanzania, the

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objection seems to have been to the seating of the representatives of a military coup, but the protests from Guinea, Mali, and the UAR went further. For them Nkrumah was the legitimate president of Ghana and the coup was an imperialist plot.

Sekou Touré's Gambit

To give him an African base from which to stage a possible comeback, Sekou Touré, the president of Guinea, in a move without precedent in diplomatic history, announced that he had appointed Nkrumah as honorary president. Whether this meant that Touré was amending Guinea's constitution by fiat to create an additional honorary head of state was not altogether clear. One possible interpretation is that Touré was reviving the long-since defunct Union of African States which Ghana and Guinea had created in 1958 as the nucleus for Nkrumah's United States of Africa. Aside from a $14,000,000 Ghanaian loan to Guinea when it was in financial difficulties, the UAS has never meant very much in practice. The two states had agreed to allow one another's resident ministers to sit in on cabinet meetings but this had never taken place. Mali acceded to the union in 1960, but it was quickly superseded by the formation of the Casablanca and Monrovia groups of states, and in 1963 by the establishment of the Organization of African Unity in Addis Ababa. Despite the dissatisfaction of the radical states with the more moderate majority in the OAU, it is doubtful that the UAS can be revived.

This leaves Nkrumah denouncing the revolution from a poor, tiny French-speaking country 600 miles from Ghana. In his efforts he is sure of support only from Mali, which is even poorer, and the UAR, which is on the other side of the continent and deeply embroiled in pan-Arab politics at the moment.

The Ghanaian experience has begun to cast doubt on the apologies for the one-party system under the leadership of a charismatic figure, which have circulated so widely in Africa in recent years. Admittedly such systems can vary widely in practice (and the elections in Tanzania last September in which TANU, the single party, ran two candidates for nearly every district, and several cabinet ministers were defeated is an interesting variant) but it is now more common to hear Africans qualify their arguments for the single party system, and even to criticize it as they did in the pages of the Tunisian magazine, *Jeune Afrique*, in an influential debate in 1964.

Yet if the charismatic and one-party approach is not the answer, what are the alternatives? The military leaders have now moved into the role of policy-makers and they show promise at least of avoiding the kind of conspicuous waste and corruption of those who preceded them. But there is no certainty that they can succeed in dealing with the many problems of the new African states. Already one military regime, that of the Sudan, has been overthrown by civilians after it misgoverned the nation for several years.

The Ghanaian military leaders, however, propose to restore civilian rule under a balanced constitution which would avoid concentration of power in any individual or group. If they do, Ghana may yet demonstrate that it is possible to combine development and democracy in Africa, or it may simply provide one more example of the alternation of civilian and military rule which now seems to be the pattern in many parts of Africa, Asia, and Latin America. In any case, the view that the future of Africa would be determined exclusively by charismatic leaders in single-party states must now be abandoned and different categories of analysis must be applied to the rapidly changing African political scene.

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WENDELL BERRY

BEFORE DARK

From the porch at dusk I watched
a kingfisher wild in flight
he could only have made for joy.

He came down the river, splashing
against the water's dimming face
like a skipped rock, passing

on down out of sight. And still
I could hear the splashes
farther and farther away

as it grew darker. He came back
the same way, dusky as his shadow,
sudden beyond the willows.

The splashes went on out of hearing.
It was dark then. Somewhere
the night had accommodated him

—at the place he was headed for
or where, led by his delight,
he came.

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CONSCIENCE AND ORTHODOXY

Though the conciliar debate on religious liberty centered on the non-Catholic conscience, more than a few of the Fathers were anxious about the impact a broad declaration might have within the Church itself. Would not many Catholics mistakenly come to believe that their only obligation was to their private conscience and not to the teaching authority of the Church?

Remarkably enough, however, the final text of the Declaration on Religious Freedom has been referred to very little in the ongoing debate on freedom in the Church. It is full of passages which can easily be turned to telling account. Consider the recent sanctions applied against Fathers DuBay and DePauw in the light of these words: "In all his activity a man is bound to follow his conscience, in order that he may come to God. . . . It follows that he is not to be forced to act in a manner contrary to his conscience." The Declaration also says that the obligation of men to seek the truth and to order their lives in accord with its demands cannot be fulfilled "unless they enjoy immunity from external coercion as well as psychological freedom." Would that not mean, then, that any priest or layman subjected to coercive sanctions by the hierarchy would be, to that extent, deprived of his religious liberty?

One could go on at length in this vein, for the Declaration is rich in passages which make no apparent distinction between the Catholic and the non-Catholic conscience. "Will it now be permissible," H. Stuart Hughes asked recently in these pages (Dec. 10), "for the doctrine of the Church to be reinterpreted at will in symbolic, historical, or relativist terms? . . . For if non-Catholics are to be allowed to seek religious truth according to their own lights, how can the same privilege be withheld from those within the fold?" These are, I would guess, just the kinds of questions the Fathers feared, particularly when they include phrases like "at will" and "according to their own lights"—phrases, that is, which make it sound as if personal, individual norms only are of any ultimate consequence.

It is no doubt true that the Fathers meant to uphold the very ancient teaching that all men, Catholic or not, have the right and duty to follow their conscience. But I think we can take it for granted that they did not want the Declaration to be interpreted as Professor Hughes has. Moreover, they supposed—we have to assume—that the Catholic would understand that his situation as a professed member of the Church is different from one who is not. And that "distinctions" would have to be made.

But what are the distinctions? The question is pressing for three reasons: 1. There is an unmistakable anti-dogmatic spirit afoot in the Church; or, alternatively, a growing disinterest in "dogmas," "articles of faith," "doctrines"; or, alternatively again, a suspicion of any conception of the Church which overly emphasizes fidelity to traditional dogmas. (I am not certain really, which description is most accurate.) 2. An increasing number of *seriously committed* Catholics—that is important to stress—believe themselves at liberty to deny, ignore or minimize one or more received doctrines without thereby feeling compelled to break with the Church or to stop receiving the sacraments. 3. More and more Catholics believe it fitting and proper to work out their own understanding of Catholicism, shaped by their own hands and guided by their own conscience, regardless of how this comports with generally accepted Catholic teaching.

These are blunt assertions, of a kind surely to set a nervous bishop's hair standing on end. With more space, I would add some vitally necessary qualifications and complexity; and there are countless exceptions of course. Yet I have described the trend I see and hear (making use, I should add, of some highly fallible amateur psychoanalysis). I find this particularly pronounced among students, though many older people are, so to speak, catching up to them. When I went to college in the early fifties, those who could not abide this or that teaching of the Church usually cut themselves off altogether. They took the Church on its own stated terms, drew the only apparent conclusion, and left. Today, those in a similar situation seem more prone to stay. But the most striking change is that they do not take the Church solely on its own terms. They now conscientiously set some of their own conditions, refusing as a consequence to separate themselves from the community or the sacraments simply because the Church appears to demand more of them than they are, in all particulars, prepared in conscience to grant. Nor are they much concerned whether, in legalistic terms, they are "good Catholics"; the very expression is redolent of a conception of the Church they find defective, insulting or meaningless.

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To see this spirit as nothing more than pride or ignorance would be a horrible mistake. Most commonly it springs from a conviction: (a) that the only kind of Catholicism worthy of the name is that grounded in personal understanding and commitment (and how could *everyone* be required or expected always and necessarily to believe *everything* the Church teaches?); and (b) that the Church offers too many spiritual goods and possibilities to be rejected *en toto* simply because one cannot accept some parts of the faith of the Church. Implicit is the belief that if they are not willing to reject the Church, neither should the Church reject them.

The Church could very well be on the verge of a great crisis. Isolated priests can be suspended and physical facilities denied to them. But how could authority possibly police all the communion rails of the world, all the colleges, the seminary faculties and student bodies, all the convents, clubs and study groups? Authority could issue edicts, require oaths, set up vigilante committees. Yet the whole point of this new spirit—if I intuit it correctly—is in the direction of a refusal to abide by the old rules of the game. Authority could successfully take such steps only if those affected were willing to take them seriously. What if the repressive measures were just ignored, or taken as posing tactical problems only, not genuine problems of conscience?

Now if there is anything accurate in this sketch, clearly the Church has a critical problem on its hands. Just as clearly, the Church will have to respond in some way. I say "the Church," for implicit in my description is the assumption that the issue has already passed beyond the disciplinary powers of the bishops and the Pope. Outright repression would be just as outrightly foiled.

But why should the Church respond at all? After so many centuries of legalism, censorship, repressions could not the Church just relax, stop worrying and depend upon the Holy Spirit to keep whatever minimal order may be required?

This is a very tempting solution, especially since it would nicely help ward off the possibility of dramatic schisms. Moreover, it calls attention to one of the prime weaknesses of Catholic authority: that is its obsession with order and discipline, which too often appears directed more toward institutional stability, the running of a tight ship, than toward the service of Christian truth. The discovery by the rest of the Church of just how powerful this obsession can be has done more than anything else to reduce the credibility of authority. If institutional order alone were in question, then there would be every justification for total permissiveness. The Church could easily survive the absence of a code of Canon Law, disciplinary regulations and an organizational chart.

More is at stake than that, much more. To begin with, the idea of Christian "truth" is still worth taking seriously. Christianity is not *just* a way of life. Nor does it reduce *only* to a set of ethical goals. Neither does it *solely* provide a way of understanding our existential situation as human beings. Intellectually, the great glory of Catholicism is that it has always believed that Christianity has a content, and a very specific content. It says something about God, man and the world. It makes truth claims. Since that is so, no one can "at will" fashion a Christianity of his own making. This is not to say, on the one hand, that a person should violate his conscience to accept these claims; nor, on the other, that the Church should make an idol of its formulations of these claims. It is just to assert a fundamental conviction that the source of Christianity is God and not man; hence, man cannot do with it as he will. If this conviction is to have any practical bearing, then it can never be a matter of disinterest either what one believes oneself or what others in the Church believe.

The idea of "the Church" is no less important. The Church is not just a "happening," not just a gathering of like-minded, mutually dedicated human beings. One can call the Church "a people," a "community," a "society," a "body"—all these expressions have been used to describe the reality, and all can be found, say, in *The Constitution on the Church*. They all have their drawbacks, but none of them allows us to think that the Church is not a definable reality, with some kind of boundaries, some kind of norms for membership. The word "Church" would mean absolutely nothing unless it was possible to say what the bounds and norms are. It is no less nonsensical to hold that every person should be free to set his own standards concerning membership in the Church. Once more, the word "Church" would eventually be drained of all meaning.

I would also argue both that the idea of a distinct body of doctrine and an authoritative interpreter of the Christian faith still make considerable sense. If the community claims to share a common faith—and it would have to in order to call itself a religious community—then the community must have the courage and the rationality to say what this faith is, and in some detail. There can be, logically, no "belief in" without a "belief that"; thus any couching of theology wholly in the personalist language of encounter and commitment would never be intellectually adequate. The main objection against an "authoritative interpreter" is that it presumes the arrogant, prideful belief that finite men

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could speak in the name of an infinite God. But this is to confuse beliefs and persons. "Pride" can be predicated of persons, not of their beliefs; beliefs are either true or false. As such, the claim that a pope can speak infallibly is morally neutral; whether it is true or not is another matter.

What is the point of these arguments? Just this, that we need to go through them once more, from the beginning. "Dogmatism," in the worst sense of the word, sees no need to debate once again about fundamentals. That is why many Catholics are now apt to reject it altogether. It reeks of evasion, fear and the closed mind. One valid response, then, to the incipient crisis I have sketched is to retrace all our steps, giving no thought for the possibility of an institutional disaster; that is irrelevant where truth is at stake.

Another useful response would be to re-investigate the concept of heresy. Karl Rahner has argued that the articles of faith are inextricably bound up with each other, so much so that "by denying one truth [the Christian] abandons himself to an immanent intellectual logic . . . which as its final result must lead to denial of the whole truth of revelation." (*On Heresy,* Herder & Herder, 1964) I frankly don't see how anyone could prove an assertion of this kind. It is the ultimate weapon used against dissenters and the time may have come to see if it can be de-fused. At the very least, the Church may have to concede that all minds cannot be pressed into one mold, even a good one, and that some degree of doubt and "heresy" may be almost inevitable, even among those of dedication and good will. Is it really true that the Church cannot, in principle, live with this human fact? That has been asserted, but not proved.

Finally, we need a much richer conception of what is required for membership in the Church. The whole question was recently debated with regard to Protestant and Orthodox Christians. Now it needs to be taken up with respect to professed Catholics. The image of the Church as a people on pilgrimage could provide some help. The point of the pilgrimage is that the whole people reach God. Some will fall by the wayside—but they can be picked up. Some will develop infectious diseases—but is God likely to let the whole people die because they risk infection to keep the distressed ones in their midst? Some will argue about the proper route—but it is possible to argue while walking. Some will refuse to obey the leaders, choosing to follow some map of their own—but those who remain can provide water, supplies and good wishes for their success. Later, we can read their letters with affection and interest, trying to learn from their experience.

Much more than this, of course, needs to be said and written on the whole broad issue; I have only begun to touch on all the complexities. We had better start talking now, though, before the panic sets in.

DANIEL CALLAHAN

IN CLOVER

THE SCREEN

The film makers recently released a trio of films that looked without much success "Inside Daisy Clover" and at other Hollywood folk and folkways in "The Oscar" and "Lord Love a Duck." Now they're looking inside Americans and some international characters here and abroad. What they find in a Texas town in "The Chase" is no better than what they found in Hollywood. The basic plot, stemming from a novel and play by Horton Foote, about an escaped convict and the reactions of the town people to his homecoming, is interesting enough; but the melodramatic script written by Lillian Hellman has so elaborated the story and exaggerated the characters that the whole thing seems more like an anti-southern propaganda tract than a movie.

The Texas town, which should have been called Gomorrah, is boiling over with adultery, alcoholism, intolerance, greed, violence, and various other illnesses and evils—all soundly railed at by the local religious fanatic. Since she's a nut, the citizens pay her no heed but go their merry way—with orgies, beatings (during the worst of which they almost kill the sheriff, who is determined to save the convict) and an utterly senseless, viciously portrayed lynching bee. Considering all the talent connected with "The Chase," it is hard to figure out how the film went so haywire. Director Arthur Penn, who has "The Miracle Worker" and "Mickey One" among his credits, allowed everything to be overdone. Even the good performances by Marlon Brando, as a fair-minded, "High Noon" kind of sheriff, Angie Dickinson as his wife, Robert Redford as the convict, and E. G. Marshall, Janice Rule, James Fox, Jane Fonda, among the sinners, cannot save "The Chase." Hardest of all to figure out is what a first-rate producer like Sam Spiegel was trying to do in this ill-considered extravaganza.

While "The Chase," with all its opportunities, doesn't manage to get really "inside" any of its people, "The Flight of the Phoenix," an adventure melodrama with an unlikely plot, succeeds admirably in letting us know

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and understand its characters. Its story, which has almost become a cliché in movies, is about a group of men who are stranded when their two-engine plane is downed off-course in the Sahara. Although "Phoenix" displays the usual fight for survival against hunger, thirst, sun, sand, and everyman's hidden concern for himself, the film rises above the stereotype and engrosses us in its realistically-portrayed people and their struggle to escape.

Lukas Heller wrote a fine script from Elleston Trevor's novel. The male cast is excellent. But Robert Aldrich deserves major credit for supervising the many assets in his handsome color production, and for directing a cast in such outstanding performances: James Stewart as the aging, old-fashioned American pilot who will have no truck with computers or modern devices; Hardy Kruger as a conceited German model-plane designer; Christian Marquand as the French doctor who mediates between those two antagonists; Peter Finch as a British captain who does have a heart beneath his martinet exterior; Ronald Fraser as a British sergeant who hates the army; Ernest Borgnine as a nerve-shattered oil worker; Ian Bannen as a wise-cracking bore; Dan Duryea as a staid bookkeeper; Richard Attenborough, in a superb portrayal, as the alcoholic navigator who somehow manages in spite of his weaknesses to intervene between bickering men as the days pass and morale sinks. It is all the men's weaknesses and virtues that makes them interesting. With its many surprises in characterization and story, "Phoenix" builds up to a terrific suspense and should please audiences who want more than a struggle-for-existence tale.

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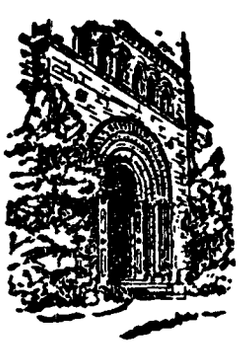

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"The Heroes of Telemark," with its story about Norwegian Resistance Fighters, could have been equally suspenseful and interesting if it had given its characters a little depth. Its plot is concerned with sabotage during the Nazi occupation when the Norwegians are determined to destroy the plant where the Germans are producing heavy water, one of the necessities for A-bombs. But director Anthony Mann alternates magnificent scenes of skiing across Norwegian slopes with dull indoor scenes about the cruelty of war, the problems of people in an occupied country, and the problems of one of the heroes who has fallen in love with his ex-wife. Kirk Douglas, Ulla Jacobsson (as his ex-wife) and Richard Harris play these lead roles well enough, but they are really only pawns in a glorious adventure. If "Telemark" had made up its mind whether it wanted to be a love story, an anti-war diatribe, or a derring-do, it may have succeeded in any one category. As it stands, it comes out as a cool bore. But the Norwegian scenery in color is lovely.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

JUNG LOVE

THE STAGE

A few months or years back, during the insomniac moments of some forgotten intermission, I came across a thought in *Playbill.* I would give it a by-line, if I knew who it belonged to, but the whole thing is lost down among the Jungian baggage, and all I can do is regurgitate the garbled gist of the thought itself. Which was as follows: that you can teach a dancer to act, and even to appear to sing, but that you can't teach a singer to do anything at all.

At the time it seemed like just an average sort of thought—obviously physical grace is more germane to acting than an ability to make pretty sounds. Some of the best singers seem to have trouble hefting their great diaphragms around the stage, opening doors, getting out of each other's way—all the chores that distinguish actors from bus-drivers. (On the same principle, I believe dancers would also make much better audiences; most nights, a theater row resembles nothing so much as one of George Price's boarding-house beds, with transients tumbling in and out, kicking, hacking and occasionally dropping lead-weights on your foot. And don't think this doesn't affect one's attitude to the theater.)

It was only while watching Gwen Verdon in "Sweet

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Charity" that I saw how far you could go with this thought. Because all of Miss Verdon's considerable stage virtues are direct extrapolations of her dancing. Her comedy is a dancer's comedy, her dramatic scenes are keyed to movement not sound. She is such a complete dancer that her skill simply overflows, forming other little skills. And I don't see how singing could furnish analogous by-products.

In the somewhat specialized ethic of entertainment, Miss Verdon is an admirable figure. She is not a naturally Big Personality, but a member of the chorus who simply outskilled all the others. And she knows that this is where her claims rest. Although she is now No. 1, she still tries harder; she still turns in an honest evening's work. Other stars may go the familiar Louis Armstrong route, giving a little more profile and a little less performance each year, but not Gwen Verdon. She still dances her feet off every night like a medieval demoniac, exploits her personality no more than the necessary minimum, and even allows herself to compete on equal terms with two formidable rivals—Helen Galagher and Thelma Oliver—spotting herself only the advantage of a bright-red dress.

For these reasons, Miss Verdon's presence in a show guarantees satisfaction in a way that Mary Martin's and Ethel Merman's do not. Whatever she can do will be done. Not much more can be said about "Sweet Charity." John McMartin is a whimsical leading man, with a nasal, dithering style not unlike Orson Bean's, and he and Miss Verdon bring off a very funny scene in an elevator. But Neil Simon, the librettist, has otherwise provided only some uncommonly soggy gags to separate the dance numbers, and a poorly paced story-line; and Cy Coleman's songs are no better than so-so. It may be that when you've signed up Gwen Verdon, you tend to relax and leave the rest to the choreographer (Bob Fosse has done his usual inventive job); but this would be a pity. Because Gwen Verdon is a talented musical comedy actress, and she deserves the best material she can get. (*At the Palace Theatre*)

The season has yielded up one of its little high points with Jerome Kass' "Monopoly"—four one-act plays anatomizing the horrors of the Bronx diaspora, in a language far more exact, and much less dependent on trick repetitions, than Paddy Chayevsky's.

The first of them, called "Princess Rebecca Birnbaum" makes the blood run especially cold. A young girl is planning to go to a prom in a plain white dress and a minimum of make-up. Her mother and elder-sister and her old piano-teacher (her old *piano*-teacher! the pathos is unspeakable) are scandalized by this. In common decency she could at least put on a pink sash and a wax flower. Forty dollars for a plain white dress —the family will be laughed out of the Bronx. The girl slowly shrinks in terror as they descend on her with eye-liner and rouge-pot. No more nightmarish scene was ever staged—the tyranny of bad taste, to which the whole neighborhood is in thrall, closing in on a Gulliver-like victim.

In this, as in each of the plays, the author seems to stagger a little as he gets close to the end of his tight-wire, and to grope the last few feet. The last play in particular develops a bad case of how-do-I-get-out-of-this. Two couples have fallen foul of a game of Monopoly—a game which does indeed reduce people to barbarism and squinting hostility more effectively than any famine or pestilence. As the quarrel warms up, the relationships of the couples prove to be as predatory and isolated as their relationship in the game—metaphorically speaking, they land on each other's hotels, gouge each other for rent, exploit class differentials, etc. Not a bad idea. But as they drift further from the game itself, the drama loses some force: the game has provided the dynamic.

In general, the themes are slight enough to require perfect touch. Most of the time they get it. Mr. Kass' dialogue has a soft, dreamlike quality throughout like an unforced memory. This must be the least "stagey" dialogue to emerge from a new playwright, or an old playwright come to think of it, in quite some time. The actors conspire in this quiet, ruminative tone—even when they get angry it is anger proper to the situation, and bounded by it: nothing is flung out wildly, no mood is inflated beyond its value. Carolan Daniels, who appears in three of the four plays, has an uncanny grasp of weights and measures: how loud one's voice should be in a given-sized apartment, how a certain kind of guest walks into the kitchen, etc. Jess Osuna skillfully plays two kinds of husband to her in a much more mannered style than hers: and each time, she adapts herself perfectly to his reading to bring out the maximum reality in both of them.

As is the way with one-acters, none of them can get the attention it deserves in a review of this length. So enough to say that the plain white dress of the first play is symbolic of the author's own talent—no wax flowers for him, no cosmetics. In a chintzy, overblown theater like ours, this is encouraging. May Mr. Kass continue to keep the harpies at bay indefinitely, to defy the forces of bad taste and the exponents of the one jewel too many, and to give us plays as pure, truthful and uncluttered as "Monopoly." (*At the Stage 73*)

WILFRID SHEED

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BOOKS

From the golden age of American sociology

The Negro Family in the United States

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Univ. of Chicago, $6

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

Franklin Frazier died too soon, which is perhaps why his death seems to have occurred long ago, instead of only in 1963. That he would somehow seem out of place in our time, merely describes how much he is missed.

He was first of all an authentic scholar, with all that means in rigor, energy, nerve, and a disinclination to be intimidated, either by segregationists in the South or race leaders in the North. He wrote a great deal, wrote well, and did not eschew the uses of controversy.

He is probably best known for his acid account of the Negro middle classes, which he published in Paris in 1955, and which later appeared in America as the *Black Bourgeoisie*. Yet it would indeed have been a tragedy, as G. Franklin Edwards remarked to him a year before his death, if it were for that book, rather than for *The Negro Family in the United States* that he was remembered. It then seemed it might be so: it now seems it will not. The republication by the University of Chicago Press of this classic work, which first appeared in 1939, is yet another case for the argument that great books live.

In his Foreword Nathan Glazer declares that "written during American Sociology's only golden age, it is . . . one of the most substantial and enduring works of that age." Where "so many efforts to establish a timeless theoretical framework for sociology and social analysis now appear to us dated and remote," Frazier's account of the realities of Negro family life, "has lost nothing in immediacy and relevance."

What Frazier did, again to cite Edwards, "was to provide the first definitive answer for many of the behavioral expressions manifested in Negro life." Hard as it is for many of us to accept, having been taught to believe it too early, the family *is* the basic institution of any society or part thereof. It is shaped by experience, and in turn shapes experience. Where, as in the case of Negro Americans, the establishment of family patterns under slavery and thereafter has been subjected to hideous oppression and disruption, the result is trouble.

The relevance and immediacy of Frazier's work is that the troubles he wrote about in large measure had not yet happened. They were going to happen: he knew it, and said so. His most important work was done in a period that almost exactly spanned the decade of the great depression. It would appear that he assumed the future would be much like the past. Had he been writing about the white world, he would of course have been mistaken. But the controlling, appalling fact for the Negro American is that for him the great depression persisted for yet another quarter century, and is only now beginning to show signs of ending. (And even now unemployment rates continue at levels which would be regarded as socially disastrous in Europe.)

Thus Frazier's prophecy acquires terrible authority in retrospect: he saw events as all but ineluctable: ". . . .Social and welfare agencies have been unable to stem the tide of family disorganization that has followed as a natural consequence of the impact of modern civilization upon the folkways and mores of a simple peasant folk," he wrote in his final chapter, ". . . . the family which evolved within the isolated world of the Negro folk will become increasingly disorganized. Modern means of communication will break down the isolation of the world of black folk, and, as long as the bankrupt system of southern agriculture exists, Negro families will continue to seek a living in the towns and cities of the country. They will crowd the slum areas of southern cities or make their way to northern cities where their family life will become disrupted and their poverty will force them to depend on charity."

Yet in the end he is deeply optimistic. What seemed to him the inevitability of pain and suffering and failure (he had no sentimentality about the slums: it was all bad) given one set of conditions, corresponded to the probability of success given another, although it was perhaps not as clear to him as it must be to us that it is entirely within our capacity to create those other conditions: full employment, proper housing, a family income, a compassionate society. The Negro middle class had done it (perhaps overdone it, as he thought), given the opportunity the poor could do it as well. His central conviction was that the family was the best possible measure of progress: it *was* progress. His final sentence declares: "The gains in civilization which result from participation in the white world will in the future as in the past be transmitted to future generations through the family."

Frazier, who was President of the American Sociological Society in 1948, the first Negro elected to head a national professional association, won a scholarly audience for his work, but nothing happened in the great world. To this moment, to raise the subject of family in American public life (much less the Negro family!) is to arouse suspicion on the right, apoplexy on the left.

It is worth pausing a moment on this point. Any careful person reading Frazier in 1939 (or 1966) must fairly soon come to see *why* full employment for the Negro man is an indispensable

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ingredient of social stability in the American city. Such a reader would also find himself paying much more attention to proposals for income support such as the family allowances of the Canadians, or the negative income tax of the Danes. (Senators Neuberger, Kennedy and Douglas tried to raise the subject in the 1950's, but no one cared to listen.) Issues of housing and education would take on not only a new urgency, but a new perspective. It is possible, in a word, that had Frazier been attended to, we would be a generation ahead of where we are today.

In any event, the question now is whether we are now to miss yet a second opportunity, for not only is Frazier republished, but within the year two of the great men of our age have addressed themselves to his theme, interestingly enough in speeches at the two educational institutions around which Franklin Frazier's life was centered. On June 4, 1965, President Johnson delivered his historic address at Howard University citing the welfare of the family as a major concern of the nation as our goal in civil rights moves beyond opportunity to results. Seven months later, at the University of Chicago, Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke on "the Negro family: a challenge to national action." "It is appropriate," he began, "that a Negro discuss the subject because for no other group in American life is the matter of family life more important than to the Negro. Our very survival is bound up in it." But so, he declared, and rightly, is that of the nation itself. "Family life not only educates in general but its quality ultimately determines the individual's capacity to love. . . . The whole of society rests on this foundation for stability, understanding and social peace."

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REVIEWERS

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN, *formerly an Assistant Secretary of Labor, is presently a fellow at the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan.*

FATHER P. JOSEPH CAHILL, S.J. *is on the staff of Bellarmine School of Theology in Illinois.*

ROGER B. DOOLEY *is an English professor at the City University of New York.*

CHRISTOPHER E. MULVEY, *a recent graduate of Oxford, is presently working for a doctorate in English at Columbia University.*

New Testament Essays

RAYMOND E. BROWN, S.S.

Bruce, $5

P. JOSEPH CAHILL, S.J.

The days when serious biblical critics were thought to be indulging a fanciful eccentricity are long gone. Sober scholarly essays on the Bible are commonplace enough to warrant collections of articles hitherto dispersed on library shelves. And these collections are capable of reproducing the best features of articulate dialogue. Hence Father Brown's work should reach a wide and interested audience.

Among prospective readers Father Brown's credentials and accomplishments are well known. He has a book forthcoming on his field of particular interest, the Johannine Gospel. And he is a regular contributor to both popular and scholarly journals. Perhaps most characteristic of his essays is his unfailing ability to present a balanced position. One may disagree with some technical points, but the thrust of his work is toward both a scientific and religious appreciation of the New Testament. This religious sense appears most clearly in his attitude toward ecumenism, unity and diversity in New Testament ecclesiology, the theology of the incarnation in John, and the problem of historicity in John. Passages discussing the concept of authority in the Church steer clear of either a bureaucratic or simplistic approach. The New Testament does speak of authority and power; and one cannot react against the darker pages of authoritarianism by overlooking New Testament data.

In reading these essays one easily notes that the Bible is a civilizing book. It is meant to make man truly a citizen of this world. Thus the Bible, particularly the New Testament, speaks to man in incarnational terms—a concept that is recently receiving the emphasis it deserves. This civilizing effect is reflected in the urbane style of Father Brown as well as in his emphasis on the reality of God's intervention in the world—whether this stupendous fact be discussed in terms of the interrelation between the Qumran community and Johannine literature or in terms of the gospel miracles.

It is certainly true that the volume of New Testament literature is enormous. Psychologically, therefore, some may feel that collected essays are but one more obstacle to the final and definitive book that will spare the reader perpetual rounds of reading. Yet it is becoming more and more evident that the truth of the Bible is so large that it must be approached by laborious walks through subjects such as the relation of John and the synoptic gospels as well as by more relaxing strolls through the *Pater Noster* as an eschatological prayer. The reader has the options gracefully presented by the author of *New Testament Essays.*

King of the Hill

THOMAS J. FLEMING

New American Library, $4.95

ROGER B. DOOLEY

In his new novel, Thomas J. Fleming deals with Irish-American politics in what sounds like Jersey City—but any reader looking for a cast of lovable rogues gaily outwitting each other should be warned that Mr. Fleming's politicians bear approximately the same relationship to those in *The Last Hurrah* as some of James T. Farrell's worst priests do to those in *Going My Way.*

The world he reveals, with frequently startling vividness, is one of total, brutal corruption, Machiavellian double-dealing and power struggles literally to the death—to several deaths, in fact, two cold-blooded murders, another threatened and a dubious accident. Not since Harry Sylvester's 1947 *Moon Gaffney* has any novelist produced such a scathing "J'accuse" on the American

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Irish—and Mr. Fleming's punch is far deadlier than Mr. Sylvester's, both because this is an inside job and because he knows how to construct a tightly built plot.

Yet this very plot, so tensely effective as melodrama, may in the end keep the book from being taken as seriously as the author no doubt intended. His passionate concern for what the city has done to the Irish and vice-versa blazes forth in the ambivalent love-hatred of all the leading characters for their milieu, but within the narrow confines of the action none has the chance to grow and develop as they might have done in a more leisurely, less sensational novel.

The intricate pattern grows out of the death, six months before the book opens, of the beautiful Dolores Blair, daughter-in-law of Matty Blair, the city's supposed reform mayor. Her husband, now hopelessly insane, apparently caused the fatal auto crash—a secret so well hushed up that the only witness, a crooked detective named Benzinger, has been blackmailing the mayor ever since. Blair's right-hand man, Larry Donohue, a coldly unscrupulous would-be Nietzschean superman, ready to do any amount of evil to attain ultimate good, shares the center of narrative interest with his ertswhile classmate, Jake O'Connor, a tough-minded idealist who, with the financial backing of socialite Paula Stapleton, might just be the man who could save the city, if any one still can. The return of Faith Kilpatric, once in love with Larry, now a top writer for a magazine like *Life,* to do an article on the city, brings her in contact with both men, along with a number of other figures from her past.

To me, at least, some of the minor characters come off better than the leads, perhaps because their idiosyncrasies are more sharply observed. Since Faith, Larry and Jake have all reached the same degree of disgust with their background, especially with the Church, their thoughts and conversations tend to become interchangeable, if not indistinguishable. This may be due in part to their irritating habit of continually talking to themselves by name, so that much of the book is written in a sort of second-person stream of consciousness, which at times sounds as if the author were apostrophizing them. ("Better get out of here, Faith, before this goes any further"; "Face it, Paula, don't close your eyes.")

Mr. Fleming's generally powerful prose is also flawed by a few other stylistic clichés, such as using "like" as a conjunction in the manner forever associated with Winston cigarettes and indulging in such non-transitive, Frank Merriwell verbs to convey dialogue as "He snarled," "She snapped," and "He sneered."

Come to think, he does a good deal of snarling, snapping and sneering himself, mostly in the direction of the Church. Those who cling to it are invariably dismissed as "idiots," "morons," and "rosary-rattlers," while the intelligent characters can scarely pass a Catholic institution without choking on bitter regrets for the years wasted trying to swallow all that "mush, ten centuries cold." This observation is made not on grounds of prudence but of art; it seems a violation of the writer's objectivity when his tone becomes shrill with the sound of grinding axes, especially since the Church and the clergy play no part in the action.

With all these limitations, *King of the Hill* is a compulsively readable novel, full of harsh, undeniably true observations on how our cities are run. Considering the current off-Broadway success of *Hogan's Goat,* set in a similar world but in a more innocent past, one hopes that a considerable public will be interested in this forceful dramatization of the seamier aspects of Irish-American politics.

The Magus

JOHN FOWLES

Little, Brown, $7.95

CHRISTOPHER E. MULVEY

There is about this book something of the onion—mystery, deception, self-delusion are folded one in another with a fascinating and baffling ingenuity. *The Magus* is a novel on a very large scale in which the life of its central figure, Nicholas Urfe, is objectified and presented as something between a gigantic "happening" and a cinematographic *commedia dell'arte.*

John Fowles presents a fantasia on Phraxos, an island in the Aegean. Nicholas Urfe, a self-centered, unpleasantly sensitive, and literary graduate of Oxford, ditches an Australian lover, Alison Kelly, to take a job as an English teacher at the Lord Byron School on Phraxos. Waiting for him is the Magus—the magician, the sorcerer of the Tarot pack—a Mr. Conchis, who is the master of mysterious revels and who has cast Urfe in the lead role for one of his annual dramas of the subconscious. Urfe only gradually becomes aware of what is happening to him, but he is willing to be led along in what he takes to be, at different stages, Conchis' supernaturalism, his occultism, his voyeurism, his dabblings in metaphysics.

The book moves leisurely, allowing time for each level of experience to be penetrated fully. Slowly the reader is drawn into a labyrinth of illusionary action in which all the characters but Urfe are playing triple parts in a drama which veers between ancient myth and modern psychology. Urfe finds himself surrounded by belles of Edwardian England, Annubis, Apollo, simple peasants, and decadent schoolteachers—never knowing, certainly, the boundaries between mask and actuality. The young man's skepticism and languor give way before the mystic richness of an Eastern Mediterranean more wise than he by many thousands of years.

Fowles writes his way beautifully through the demands of a text which calls for every kind of descriptive passage—from those which celebrate orgasm on Mount Parnassus to those which recreate the misery of a private in World War I. However, what he has created with this Jungian Disneyland is finally a morality play. Urfe has done wrong in England and has to learn on the Greek island through an ever-in-

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tensifying of humiliation Fowles' commandment, *thou shalt not commit pain.* This, we are told, is the meaning of adulthood. Urfe's sin has been to use human beings and so he is used in his turn. To use human beings is to misuse Reality. Reality is played by the coarse-mouthed but golden-hearted Australian girl.

It is disappointing that the splendid pyrotechnics of this book reduce themselves to this squib of morality. The moral is no doubt a good one and Fowles refuses to allow it to clinch things by making it no way clear that Urfe has learned the lesson. The last pages are a stop-go of he has, he hasn't developments.

But in this, we are faced with a weakness of novels that deal in delusion. The reader greets the first five reversals of expectation with gasps of amazement, but from then on in the reaction becomes jaded. For the next ten the reader adopts an "Anything goes" attitude to prevent further mental sandbagging—at p. 581 we get the final "And suddenly the truth came to me, as we stood . . ." But hold it Mr. Fowles, we've got vertigo.

RETROSPECTIVE

ART

For a good number of people, particularly artists of a deliberative turn of mind, the Nicholas De Staël retrospective at the Guggenheim museum has been one of the most eagerly awaited exhibitions of the art season in New York. This anticipatory interest has been chiefly due to the fact that De Staël has an extraordinary gift, which might compare to the gift of perfect pitch in a singer, and which even when glimpsed only now and then in isolated examples is enough to compel a startled attention from the most innocent and unprofessional eye. Since this exhibition is the first show in the USA of this artist's *oeuvre* since his suicide in 1955, it is the first full-scale opportunity for most Americans to plumb the nature of this exceptional gift, and to view the extent to which the Russian-born Belgian artist put it to use during his brief, and virtually impeccable, artistic career.

For in fact, the retrospective now at the Guggenheim steadily confirms what one might feel was too much to expect.

De Staël was forty-one at the time of his death, and his work was substantially accomplished within the span of his last fifteen years. From the incisive charcoal drawing of a woman's head done in 1939, the earliest work in the Guggenheim exhibit (organized in collaboration with four other museums: the Boymans-van Beuningen in Rotterdam, the Kunsthaus in Zurich, the Fine Arts in Boston and the Chicago Art Institute), to the five marvelous paintings completed in the year of his death, there is scarcely a work that does not strike the full, round, assured note of perfect expressive control. One can only imagine at what expense this control was achieved—for instance, those fifteen years took in the period of World War II, during part of which the artist served with the Foreign Legion in Tunisia. These works are like emanations, independent, disembodied, lyrical beings.

On the spiral ramp at the Guggenheim, where exhibits are usually arranged in chronological order so that the descending viewer may comfortably see the progression followed by the artist in his work, this exhibit is arranged so that the artist's last works are seen first, and the first (like in the St. Matthew parable) last. This reverse procedure—only broken at the second floor side gallery, where later paintings are introduced among early ones—disconcerting in principle, turns out to be of little consequence in practice, and even to dramatically underline that whatever De Staël was doing, he did in full bloom.

If one has been exposed to critical appraisals of De Staël which extoll the abstract phase of the forties at the expense of his late non-abstract works, these last (which are seen first) may

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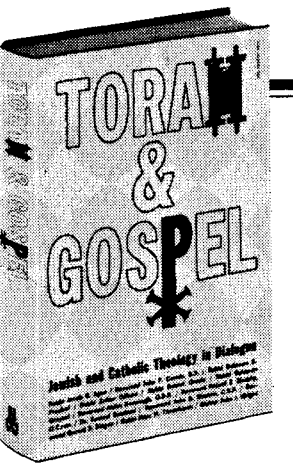

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appear like a thrilling surprise, to be left with dragging steps for what one is prepared to believe must be a comedown. That this does not turn out to be the case, is indeed the drama of the exhibit and of De Staël's *oeuvre*. The paintings and drawings of both phases testify to an amazing equality of skill and expressive conviction; if anything can make nonsense of the specious arguments for and against abstract art, De Staël's work should be the thing. The interior certainty of the textural, lozenge-shaped color compositions of the forties, and the crisp abstract drawings, is the same interior conviction that inhabits the late still-lifes and land- or-skyscapes that emerge on canvas and paper like ghosts of the artist's aches and joys.

In the introduction to the catalogue for the exhibit, R. v. Gindertael reports that De Staël once said "one never paints what one sees or what one thinks one sees; rather one records . . the shock one has received. ." This is the key to the underlying substance of his work, whether it is abstract or not. In both cases, it was his single-minded faithfulness to his interior shock that gave his expression its bell-like clarity of tone, its hit-the-nail-on-the-head quality. De Staël's art, built of a kind of pithy color and form, is one that bears testimony to what might be called an objective sensibility—it was perhaps a personal tragedy that this sensibility was so acute, but it is the backbone of his style.

In De Staël one finds a curious phenomenon: an artist who is truly at home both in abstract and non-abstract art. The incandescent patches that fairly hum in *The White City* do not just come to life out of clouds of abstraction to fly heavily in the air of *The Gulls*—it is another emotion, felt on another day. The aim of the artist is not to bear witness to the nature of painting, nor to the aspect of the world, but to plainly record his own responses to both. To his own self to be true is perhaps not the full scope and measure of an artist, but Polonius-like, one can say that it keeps his art from being false to any-man. De Staël always rings true. In his work, that despite its technical historicity has a lean and lonely look, he offers the clear statement of a gem-like sensibility.

BETTY KAUFMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 43*)

First of all, the era of honesty upon which we are coming demands that we call a spade a spade. If the hierarchy is big business management, it is by no means unvirtuous to call it such. This term is especially necessary considering the fact that the hierarchy has traditionally ascribed to itself *all* of the functions that belong to modern corporate management—so much so that the Church can accurately be described as the prototype of the corporation. It is not Father DuBay who laments the significant and historical development of centralized management within the Church, even though he may be strongly critical of many of the concerns and directions which that management has taken. It is inconceivable to him how the Church could continue to exist without such big business management in a way consistent with the gospel idea of the Church incarnate—that is, an institution made up of people who need organization, leadership, and direction. It is my impression that the arm-chair liberals who criticize institutional ways of solving institutional problems really don't want to be free men; they want to be masters. They fail to see how freedom depends on the complicated dynamics of leadership and followership and the procedural guarantees that can make them operative.

Secondly, the theological and institutional unity of the Church is not solved by the suppression of new power blocks but by their *accommodation*. Even though the writings of St. Paul alone give ample justification for the tolerance and protection of diverse forms of cultic and philosophical life in the Church, the Church of Vatican II has not yet undertaken practical implementation of this doctrine of unity-within-diversity. I con-

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tend that until the Church can protect the right of minority opinions and minority blocks to grow and express themselves, it will continue to fail a matter of basic doctrine. The reform of the Church, like the ecumenical movement itself, rests not upon achieving consensus but upon the right to dissent. The institutionalization of dissenting views and interests within the Church would be a great expression of our belief in the intervention of God in the lives of men.

The argument can be taken to the level of the individual. We are all endowed with power as individuals. We can add to this power by associating with others. The power of any organization or group within an organization constitutes a reservoir of energy which can be usefully directed by the policies and leadership of the group. But the Christian ethic emphasizes the responsibilities contingent upon our use of power, whether as individuals or members of a group, whether as leaders or followers. As Christians, we never have the option of relinquishing that responsibility to others. All groups within the Church, therefore, must first recognize the power they possess in the Church and then set about to using it responsibly. No group can relegate its own responsibilities to another group; no individual can relegate his own responsibilities to another within the group.

It is for this reason I am telling my fellow priests that we have a moral obligation to unionize in order to define, promote, and protect our responsibilities as priests. The ridiculous thing is not that Father DuBay is proposing a priests' union in 1966, but that there hasn't been one for the last 50 years. COMMONWEAL suggests that the employee-relationship of priests to their bishop is a "*defect* in the institutional life of the Church." I suggest that the notion that priests are little more than employees of the Church comes not from being employees but from not assuming their responsibilities as employees, not from needing a union, but from not having one. I am not one to apologize for the fact that priests work for the bishop for a living. Christ must have envisioned this economic dependence of His fellow-laborers. He also must have envisioned the coercive power that this employer-employee relationship creates in the employer, a power that can easily be used to deny the rights of the employee. Because of this, the Church has insisted on the right of workers to organize in order to neutralize that coercive power and give them a basis on which they can deal with their employers on a person-to-person basis.

I am not saying that a priests' union will solve all the priests' problems. But it is a rational solution to the problems created by the employee-relationship; it will go a long way in restoring the radical fraternalism between bishop and priests; and, finally, it will give them a basis on which they can solve the other urgent problems facing them.

Finally, why must all reforms come from the top? Is not reform everyone's responsibility? Have not, perhaps, the bishops already gone the extra mile with us and are waiting for other groups within the Church to take up their share of the burden? Haven't they already shown remarkable initiative and effort as management in promoting reform? Have not the rest of us yet realized that the time is over for talking and that the time has come for action which always requires risk, cost, and sacrifice?

Let me also suggest that the legal restructuring of the Church will not solve the employment problems of priests. Even within a perfectly ethical and democratic Church there will still be a need for a union because of the continuing employee-relationship of priests with their bishops. So, whether reforms are brought about by the bishops or by other groups, there needs to be a union. The Church is not against management, it is not against labor. It is not against power blocks; it is not against free assembly. It is not against unions; it is not against priests. We have to apologize for none of these elements existing within the Church itself. We only have to learn how to handle them in a responsible and Christian way.

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